

in 21's



The Herald

What parity really means

The unsuccessful three-day boycott of classes in the Faculty of Arts and Science is over. Some of us took part, but most went to their classes. With horror? - Perhaps 88% voted in favour of parity at the Faculty level, but less than 50% consented to a strike.

Aside from a few activists the rest of us remained passive. Discussing, theorizing intellectualizing - yes. But striking - no. I believe that many of us sensed a certain uneasiness in ourselves about a non-authoritarian professor-student relationship. For what else is parity than the recognition that my judgement, my experience as a student is equally valid with respect to our professors?

But beware, for the much cherished charisma, the power, the prestige of the professor would most certainly crumble. Together we would fumble in this darkness, our teacher having perhaps more insights, more experience, and willing to teach by example.

We can accept or reject it. We can share. This is no more than a utopian vision. In the present relation we are nothing but willing subjects - coerced, because we see no alternative. No alternative to the prestige that power (spell authority) brings with it. The power that we strive for in this university, to reach the top. At least to try.

Parity would be a defeat of the aims of most students. The carrot on the stick (is held by our own) is in our own hands. But I am afraid we all are afraid to recognize that. To retain the status-quo is to keep the carrot dangling before us. To reject it and strive for a true learning experience is to overcome the authority relation, by recognizing the vested interest of the professor and of our own vested interest. The difference is only that the professor has 'invested' this a major portion of his life, we as students are 'investing' into the future. The future is subject to change, the past is not.

Jurgen

HOW I WON THE STRIKE

Don has asked me to relate my adventures during the Great Strike of January 27th to 29th, mainly because I wrote the little strike article in the last issue, and possibly because he thinks I went through some changes during those three days. Its true that some strange things happened to my head, but I think I came out on the other end just about the same way I went in.

I still think that the goal of the strike and the activities that have followed it must be to create new and better learning environments for the students in this university. In this sense, then, the strike was by no means a failure. Most of the students in the Arts and Science Faculty were touched by the action. Many were brought to a much higher degree of awareness of the forces in this university which affect their lives, and many acted on that awareness for the first time. The turnout on the referendum (approximately 66%) was staggering for the U of T, and although the vote split on the specific tactic of striking, I think a clear mandate for students to pursue the goal of parity still existed.

I think another important thing the strike accomplished was that a lot of professors showed their true colours as far as their opinion of, and respect for, the students they teach is concerned. In both cases, they didn't have very much.

Consequently, my opinion of and respect for those faculty has been brought down quite a bit too. Respect and trust are not things I give to anyone simply by virtue of their age or position. They must be earned, and I guess nobody was getting very many brownie points during the strike.

Anyway, to digress to the point, I was going to tell you how I won my strike. Perhaps I should start by making my own particular perspective on the question of tactics quite clear at this point. Right from the beginning I felt that to maintain my own sanity during this affair it was important to remember what a colossal game the whole University government thing (and Politics In general) is. Now you all remember that its not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game that's important. Strangely enough, that's true, because nobody ever wins or loses in these games. There's just different degrees of stalemate. All this means is that if you ever forget how to laugh at yourself, you might as well stop playing.

Anyway, I voted YES in the referendum, and certainly didn't expect the vote to turn out the way it did. My hopes had been high for a big vote to strike simply because of the beautiful atmosphere and good feelings that had been flowing around Sid Smith all week.

I really hope that by the time this appears in print, the "People's U" Foyer is not just a memory. At the mass meeting on Friday, January 22nd, when the foyer was jammed and the sound system was playing Grace Slick singing "We Can Be Together", I was feeling so good about the whole strike and about everyone who was there. It was a good high.

The vote was somewhat of a comedown, for it left us in exactly the same position we'd been in on Friday. My response was to go home and get stoned in order to be better prepared for what I expected to be a long evening of Politics. It was "Politicking" can be fun - that's a very active skill-testing part of the whole game. "Politics" on the other hand is just words - radical intellectuals jerking each other off. The idea of occupying the Faculty Council Office next morning struck me as the best idea of the evening. Abrasive, newsy, hopefully fun, and it also meant I could go immediately home to bed without feeling too guilty. Which I did.

Seven o'clock rolled around awfully early Wednesday morning. Stumbling in to my clothes, I began to have second thoughts about the whole damn thing. To paraphrase Bob Bossin: "Anyone who gets up that early for a demonstration is right wing!"

OVER

From ye olde horses mouth Business report

There isn't much that I want to say in this editorial except to relate to you, dear reader, the methods of cure most commonly and most recently used by the president and the treasurer of this illustrious college student society to rid the vital organs (one of which you are reading right now) of that harmful and cancerous disease which infests the hearts and minds of all of us at sometime in the course of our daily lives: MONEY!! It is an unfortunate fact of our existence, but we must have some small amount of this cancerous infection to stay alive. And that is what we have: a small amount. It is not the fact that the amount is going to get smaller and consequently shorten the life of this organ that bothers me, it is the butchery of doctors Beyer and Klein who enter your life at ten precious minutes to noon (that ominous hour when your next class begins) and happen

to tell you that in ten minutes you are going to have your budget cut without any anaesthetic, without any defense.

Your anger increases when you find out that the other literary organs (WRIT in particular) didn't find out about the operation until after it was over. Obviously some cutting and scraping must be done in order to prevent the cancer from spreading (fat chance). But I for one stand amazed to see our surgeons cut and chop at something that has already gone, come up with a negative quantity, and tell WRIT to make all things equal by bringing the quantity back to zero.

I am aware that it is the doctors' job to cut away people's budgets when they are oversized. I would just like to recommend to them Emily Post's latest book on etiquette called "How to succeed in business by keeping friends and appearing sane."

HOW I WON THE STRIKE

I was joined by two other wiped-out agitators, and we battled our way through the blizzard to Sid Smith. We managed to rouse about ten people to occupy the corridor in front of the office doors. It was all pretty funny. Whenever one of the aging janitors or secretaries from the office looked like they were approaching us, a hush would fall over the little gathering. I don't know whether they were more afraid of us or we of them. We had a discussion about whether we were going to obstruct the entrance and not let anyone in. It was decided that if anyone made a physical effort to get by us, we wouldn't stop them. I thought that was a drag, because I didn't get up at 7 am to let people walk around me. So whenever someone asked if they could get in, we wiped up that the office would be closed today and the discussion usually ended there.

By the time the ten o'clock mass meeting rolled around, and in spite of the apathy that seemed to be prevailing throughout most of the student body, I was really getting into the whole "radical organizer" thing, even to the point of making announcements on the mike. There's something evil in microphones. They're probably the modern equivalent to Eve's Apple. By the time late afternoon rolled around, the flamour had worn off, and I was pretty bored with sitting on my ass. Where was the ecstasy I had written about the week before? This was almost as boring as sitting in class. Someone had the right idea when they hauled the piano up to the sit-in in front of Dean Allen's office, but we couldn't find anyone to play it.

By three o'clock there was another session of Politics going on, and the CPL people and the Trots were saying the same things they'd been saying all week, and I was feeling pretty down. Tired. Bored. Frustrated. A bad case of forgetting how to laugh at myself. So I left. I went home and partook of an old herbal medicine handed down from the Cree Indians, listened to "Tommy", and went to sleep.

The rest of that evening was enough of a bummer to make me feel like avoiding Sid Smith all together on Thursday.

Instead I did the things I felt like doing which didn't involve going to classes. I slept until noon, and spent time with someone I wanted to spend time with, and read, and went to the Electric Art Gallery. Friday I was in much better spirits and went to the last mass meeting which had been called to re-evaluate the strike and what it had accomplished. It was the smallest and definitely the best mass meeting as far as I was concerned. (I don't know if those two facts are related.) The strike action was brought down to a much more manageable level, involving less dramatic but probably more effective political action through legitimate and guerrilla channels to keep the faculty council from operating. It may be bringing the issue back to the same world of elitist in-fighting that it came from, but it seemed pretty obvious that not enough students were willing to participate in mass actions to make them worthwhile.

Friday afternoon I joined the "tours" that were going around Sid Smith in an effort to bring the Educational Festival for parity to those faculty and students that seemed to be missing it. We had a lovely visit at a Faculty Council Committee meeting at New College, featuring a singsong of school favourites as "Mickey Mouse" and "Solidarity Forever". Unfortunately, the first item of business on the committee's agenda was to adjourn the meeting, so the festivities were cut short. The tours were very ecstatic - certainly much more so than sitting on the linoleum in front of the Faculty Council Office. The tours are an example of playing the game by a different set of ground rules, rules of our own making. If you're not aware of all the twists the game can take, you shouldn't be playing.

When this finally gets into print, the results of the continuing guerrilla action for parity will be more obvious than they are presently. One thing I learned during strike week, that I knew already, but which needs emphasizing, was that students are by no means a political monolith. However, my mind goes back to the first Friday Mass Meeting, and

After the light to moderate trading on today's Market closed, the fight for the world's most coveted accounts began in earnest.

Reliable sources have it that the vicious political infighting which finally resulted in TANG's purchase of the Moon will have to be repeated in the titanic financial struggle to obtain possession of Mars and Venus which will soon be available on the open market.

Seeing the success that TANG had in its Moon campaign, many other giant corporations wanted the privilege of interrupting historical television broadcasts with their own vital messages such as "This Portion of this planet is brought to you by ..."

One of the leading contenders for Mars is the Florida Orange Growers Association. They will pay NASA an exorbitant amount for the planet provided that Anita Bryant is included in the crew of the first expedition.

We at BUSINESS REPORT commend the high ideals of these public-minded companies who have taken the lead in Man's fight to control Nature. We feel that other companies should follow their example because the capitalist system has proven itself capable of bringing order out of chaos and therefore it should be used to clear up pollution once and for all.

Can't you imagine how clean our water supply would be if Rain were brought to you by Calgon Water Softener? by Andy \$\$\$

Do you want to be a student bureaucrat?

At a recent meeting of the Community Affairs Committee, dates for the upcoming Student Society election were set: Nominations open Feb. 22-26 Campaign Mar. 1-5 Candidates forum Mar. 8 Voting days Mar. 9-10

In a college with parity government, there are a great number of student positions to be filled at this time. They are as follows: President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Communications Commissioner, Education Commissioner, Farm Representative, Social Co-ordinator, two SAC Representatives, as well as eight Student Representatives on the College Council.

At the same meeting it was also decided that if after the elections, any vacancies still existed on the Community Affairs Committee, which consists of the former seven positions plus three Council members, then the Council members (ie, College Council) who opted to sit on the Community Affairs Committee, would be co-opted into these vacancies. Nomination forms are available in room 110 and in the front foyer of the College.

"We Can Be Together". We can be together on a lot of things, you know. A lot of those things were symbolized by the Education Festival and the transformation of Sid Smith into a place for human beings to relate to each other. Certainly in that sense and in many others I've described, the strike was a success. Mine was anyway.



Bill McMartin? - the man behind the myth

F.F.

The burly, happy-go-lucky ICSS Vice-President, Fred Florence, was recently in our office. We asked him if we could have an interview, and he agreed, as long as we didn't quote him.

When asked about the snack bar, Fred said it was a break-even proposition, "if it were not for the Coke machine, we would not keep

our head above water," spake Fred.

"Right now we are negotiating with the Bookroom to set up an outdoor cafe during the spring."

Since Peter Beyer will most likely be graduating it leaves a spot at the top of the ICSS. Fred will not even consider running, for as Fred puts it "I'm not political."

Women's LIB news

Women's liberation on campus is advancing quite rapidly now. On February 3rd an Abortion Day of Mourning was observed on campus. Black armbands were worn in memory of all women who have died from botched illegal abortions; many people around campus joined in wearing these armbands. Two films were shown at Hart House; a panel presented various reasons why abortion should be free and on demand; and an informative leaflet was passed out.

On February 4th an Abortion Day of Protest was held; on this day six members of the University of Toronto Women's Caucus presented a brief to Vice-President Sword (Blissell had the flu) which read in part:

"The university has recognized that it has a responsibility for the health and welfare of its members and for this purpose has established the Health Service. But, when a woman unwillingly becomes pregnant, the university will provide no help of any kind. At this most crucial time she is alone.

In response to this problem, the university must: 1) take the lead in pressuring the Federal government to repeal all abortion laws and to insure that free abortions on demand be available to all

women. 2) establish a clinic approved for abortion on this campus through the authority of the Ontario Minister of Health, as provided under the Criminal Code of Canada. (Section 237, particularly in reference to #6b).

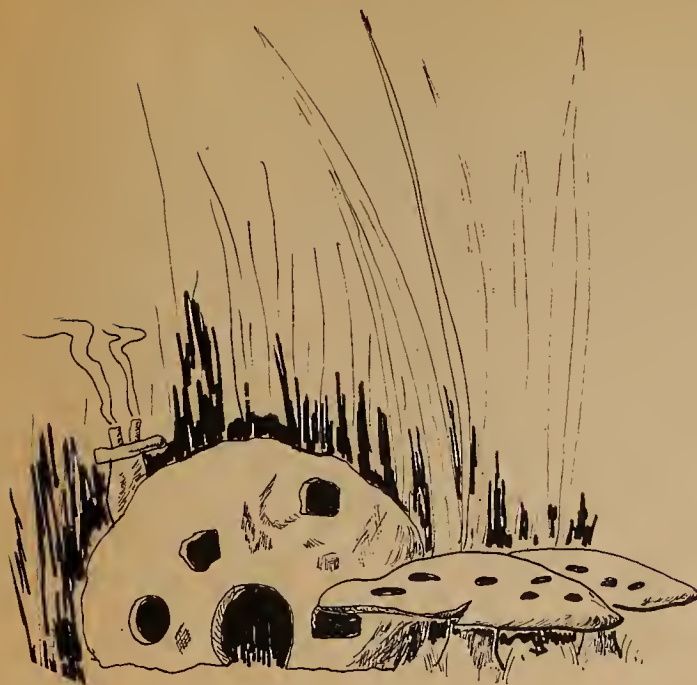
The brief was accompanied by the signatures of 100 students who supported the brief. A written answer will be sent to Alice Klein "soon".

Vince Dolan, SAC External Affairs Commissioner, is setting up a working research committee to study women's position in this university. The head will be Elisabeth Swanson, the new Innis College SAC rep. This committee will be particularly interested in the oppression of women, and will work closely with the various Women's Liberation groups around campus.

The only real disappointment report is that no one (except my sister) signed up for the week-end at Innisfree Farm. I initiated this weekend in good faith, at the request of the External Affairs Committee, who felt that this combination of education and fun would be welcomed by Innis students. It wasn't. Enough said.

Heddie Swanson UC III

M*E*D*I*A C*O*O*L



NUMBER THREE

A million glitters beneath
my feet
The snow alive with crystal
fires
Soft sounds fall upon
tingling ears
Blanketing acquired mind,
habits and desires.
I say hello to a red brick
house.

Sunday people are searching
for God
Within a church of modern
views
Songs of praise have Goya
guitar lead
And the minister's charm
is hard to refuse.
Will God say hello to
us?
Joyn W.

STAR TREK TO BOSTON

Every Captain Midnight supporter and science fiction buff in the galaxy will converge in Boston, Massachusetts for the 29th World Science Fiction Convention from September 3-6. Guest of Honour is Clifford Simak.

For the mere price of \$4.00 you can become a Supporting Member, with all the above privileges PLUS being able to attend the art show, and masquerade program participating in general meetings and choosing the 1973 site for the Convention, an special rates at the Hotel Sheraton-Boston.

For \$6.00 you become a Attending Member, with all the above privileges PLUS being able to attend the art show, and masquerade program participating in general meetings and choosing the 1973 site for the Convention, an special rates at the Hotel Sheraton-Boston.

For more info - write
NOREASCON, Box 547,
Cambridge Mass. 02139



THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT

Well, Barbra Streisand has finally shaken her image as Elliot Could's ex-wife and made a name for herself as a promising comedienne. The well-built, fast-talking and heavily-accented Brooklynite started out as a singer but since she couldn't make it she turned to acting and she makes a great debut in "The Owl and the Pussycat".

This is the age-old story of 'whore-with-the-heart-of-gold' who meets, bates, and finally falls in love with the retiring intellectual writer who speaks with big words that she cannot understand.

As you might have been able to guess, Miss Streisand does not play the writer. That role is ably portrayed by the talented George Segal.

Amovie which depends mostly on the interplay between two people must have two actors who can create and maintain strong characterizations and O&P has them. Also necessary, because of the absence of plot, is an amusing and constantly entertaining screenplay and despite the many cliched situations, there was almost always an attractive scene on the screen.

The slow but inevitable reconciliation of the two diametrically opposed people to each other's feelings makes for a warm, leisurely and enjoyable movie.

WRIT 2

Innis College's Literary Review - amateur & professional contributions of poetry & prose from the Innis Community and other exotic places - available at Writing Lab 3rd floor Innis College 63 St George St.

COLLAGE

everyone's nipples are erect today
like the periodic table from which
I wade hip deep into the cold jade sea
a savage with a recoilless memory

old mythologies come to mind
guerrillas leave the jungles
of underground necessities

in the core city
ancient center of corruption
as random bureaucracy dictates
the children chant advertisements from the playgrounds

we are naked so cold
we are like minnows caught in a crystal vase

stay with me says the lady
she is waiting for the warriors
and cryin'

the first sixteen lines of this poem are plagiarized
from various poems in writ number two
the last three are not

FILMS: by Andy Sos

LITTLE BIG MAN soars like a hawk

"My heart soars like a Hawk."

That's the only way to describe the way I felt after spending two hours with Chief Dan George as bestarred in Arthur Penn's latest film "Little Big Man".

Penn is famous for his treatment of popular folk heroes such as Bonnie and Clyde or Arlo Guthrie and in this film he deals with the legendary cowboy heroes of the American west. The hero in question is Jack Crabb, the Little Big Man.

The movie is really the tale of Crabb's life as told by Jack himself at the venerable age of 121. His cynical, crackling voice narrates with wry humour his many adventures such as: his life with a Cheyenne tribe called the "Human Beings"; his brief flirtations with "old-time religion"; medicine shows; storekeeping; unfighting; and alcoholism; and his role in the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

The film is as episodic as it sounds but it is held together by two things: 1) Dustin Hoffman's ability as Jack Crabb to make us feel like participants in the reenactment of his life, and 2) the overwhelming presence of the fondly aforementioned Chief Dan George.

The latter is truly a remarkable person who is in real (not reel) life a Canadian Indian leader who inspires you with his great integrity and courage. These qualities shine throughout his portrayal of Old Lodgeskins, the leader of the Cheyenne band, who adopts Jack as his grandson and gives him his new name.

One can feel a real love for Crandfather during every minute that he is on the screen. He exudes great warmth and reassurance whether he is making grave predictions about the future or reminiscing impishly about his amorous conquests. He is Beautiful.

The other actors in the film also help create the various atmospheres created in the different episodes. Especially good are: Faye Dunaway as the horny wife of a preacher; Martin Balsam as the multi-amputee medicine showman; and Amy Eccles as Jack's lovely and devilishly different Indian wife.

Penn tries to show a complete picture of Indian life including both the harshness and the simple beauty. There is a war party, a feast on dog meat, and a homosexual Indian who is tolerated by the rest of the tribe. Despite the effort at balancing one gets a romanticized picture of the Cheyenne.

Custer is portrayed as a super-vain, insensitive autocrat, so you just can't wait until he gets it and the Indians are so peaceful and noble that you fume at the injustices heaped upon them.

There is a lot of material in this film and in the words of Old Lodgeskins "Sometimes the magic works, and sometimes it doesn't." Fortunately for the viewers of "Little Big Man", most of the time the magic works.



CHIEF DAN GEORGE

INNIS HERALDRY



The crowd roars as Innis gets the puck

Girls blow their first

The Innis Girls Hockey Team was defeated in its first league game 3-0, by a well organized St. Hildas College team.

The girls, who had up until this game (Tuesday Feb 2) been undefeated played a good game, but could not score on the seemingly superior St. Hildas Saints.

The star of the game was the Innis goalie who went under the name of Erica Meyer. She made at least a dozen saves.

Although the team does not qualify for the playoffs congratulations are due to all, for a fine season.

One further note, Bill McMartin once again, did not score.

-a semi-irregular column on the history of family names.

This week's name: pullman
Once again the exact origin of this name is somewhat obscure, partly because it has existed in so many forms and variations for so many years. Pullman is the most recent and most common today.

The first mention of this name occurs in the Golden Age in the hills of the Grecian Peloponnese. There, the records show, one Akra Pull was responsible for building a large city at the top of the highest hill. When two ancient Greeks were standing at the bottom of the huge incline watching Akra haul (later to be known as pull or drag) each sundry part of his great idea up, one turned to the other and said, "Who is doing this strange feat?" The other responded "Why Akra Pull is."

With the decline of the Greek civilisation, the name of Pull managed to survive in the form of Pullust, again only on the highest places. Akra's great grandson, Simm, was the man in whose ways the whole Roman world followed.

As the Roman Empire's

sun went down and the Dark Ages approached, caesars became kings, the Capitoline grew into not one, but many ivory towers, and name of Pull lived on. The largest and most famous ivory tower was found in Terranno, the



capital of the largest and most famous king of the dark: Cest Pull. Passion ruled the kingdom to the extent that the king named his summer residence Desire. In the summer months his postal address was ...

There were many years in Cest which produced many offsprings. His eldest son Ignatius (from the Latin ignat, meaning one who knows how to tie knots or, noting) later to become king, did while a youth of twenty, set out on his quest to find the family dragon. Unfortunately he got lost in the process (a massive dark jungle which surrounded all ivory towers even at that

time) and a search had to be made. It was the custom of the land at that time that before every search there had to be struck a search committee. A poster was put up which read as follows:

"All those interested in being on the Official Search Committee for the Prince I. Pull of the Ivory Tower of Terranno, sign below."

Only those old and wise in the ways of the land qualified as stricken members of the committee, for it is not every day one sets out to find a Prince I. Pull, even in 'is college let alone a whole ivory tower.

To cut the story short, they eventually found the prince, somewhat rejuvenated. When the prince became a full-grown Pull man, he had a carriage specially designed and named after him - a carriage which enabled him from having to walk up hills. He changed his name to its present form. Today, as two ivory tower graduates stand at the bottom of the largest hill around, you can hear one say to the other: "How are we going to get up that incline baby?" The other will knowingly reply: "Pullman, pull."

ski weekend again

As the final date for the Innis ski weekend-bash draws nearer, may I take this opportunity to remind all those who are thinking of going that they should pay the above mentioned fee in room 110 at Innis college, 63 St. George. Remember, this includes 2 nights accommodation in our very own chalet, 2 days towels, meals, and 2 ski lessons or 1 lesson and the Saturday night dance.

Transportation will be organized in car pools. This fabulous, once in a lifetime experience all takes place on Feb. 26, 27, & 28. Please get your money in at the latest by Feb. 16.

ferverent desire

(cont' from last issue)

It was over.

As Bill arose he kissed the sweet warm knee-cap of his Anne whom he had hurt with that deep affection.

No one would believe what they had just been through - he dare not disclose, for Anne the convent days would be gone forever.

As she stirred, every muscle in her adenoids pulsating, for the Floridian warmest of her third cousin, as he stood motionless above her, squeezing his blackheads.

Had he realized how she felt? Would he learn the child he loved so much, had not been aroused to his birth, by the tender loving that Bill had given her that August day at the fishmarket?

Anne waited.

She did not know what for. Maybe she expected divine intervention, and maybe that is what made the knock on the old Formican door.

She was frightened, but she did not know why.

She found out as the door slowly revealed its lurking mystery.

Anne screamed.

Bill fell to the ground.

(to be continued)

Funeral for a dead flower

Damp ground.

Wet hound.

Scrunch, scrunch.

AMT

INNISFREE

Innisfree is a farm owned and operated by the Harold Innis Foundation. Not enough has been said about the Farm so not many Innis students know about it.

I went up to the Farm (near Norwich) two weeks ago to view and sample the finished product. Despite some early misgivings of some people on the cost and design of the building, no one can dispute the magnificence of the weathered barn wood which blends in with the landscape.

The inside of the building was just as impressive. Most of the ground floor consists of a large common room which is conducive to small discussion groups or large gatherings. The highlight of the room is a giant fireplace which draws everyone toward it.

The bean-bag chairs are another nice feature. Sitting in them is like sinking into a Marshmallow.

Occasionally a person can reach a point of relaxation at which you are no longer aware of your body,

as if your mind were floating free. The chairs make that degree of relaxation possible.

Innisfree is available to everyone -- not only Innis students.

It can be used for T-groups, political groups, discussion groups, clubs, societies and companies.

Best of all, you can find yourself in the quiet of the woods and fields.

If you're interested in visiting Innisfree, get in touch with Jack Dimond on the second floor of Innis College.

Visit Innisfree Farm in Reading Week!

Groups or Individuals:

\$2.00 per person,
per night,
and food.

Interested? - Room 205 Innis

If you have a car and can take people down - we need you especially - expenses will be paid for use of car.

HERALD REACHES APECS

TORONTO (B-CUP) - A new organization has been formed here to guarantee that the Canadian version of the English language will not die out.

Called the Association to Prevent the Extinction of Canadian Speech (APECS for short), its aims are the encouragement of Canadian idiomatic expressions and the boycott of foreign phrases.

Its energetic and enthusiastic young members have thought up the following replacements for current American phrases now in vogue, and encourage all patriotic Canadians to use them

instead of their "imperialistic" counterparts.

American	Canadian
Far Out	FAR NORTH
Cool	COLD
Together	ENSEMBLE

The Innis Herald has resolved to use these new expressions in its pages from now on and we urge you to do the same.

Let's have a Canadian language for a Canadian people!

Remember if we don't blow our colds and if we mettons tous ensemble, we can make Canada a Far North place to live.

Innis Dribbles to First Win 66-62

THE CONGLOMERATE

DanStuartJohnWayneRichardBrianeBettyJurgenBrianMcAndy.Despite Barry.

a night with the old vic.

an intrusive interview with the late, great Queen Victoria.

In our last issue we promised, among other things, an interview with Queen Victoria. It took a great deal of time and trouble to dig this one up. Here are some excerpts from the dialectic.

Question - Well, Queen Victoria can you think of any other questions you would like to be asked?

Answer - Yes

(sometime later in the interview)

Question - What was that?

Answer - Oh skip it.

(still later)

Answer - I'm glad we got that cleared up Vicky.

Answer - So am I

Question - Well time is almost up. On behalf of the Innis Herald, may I thank you?

Answer - Why?